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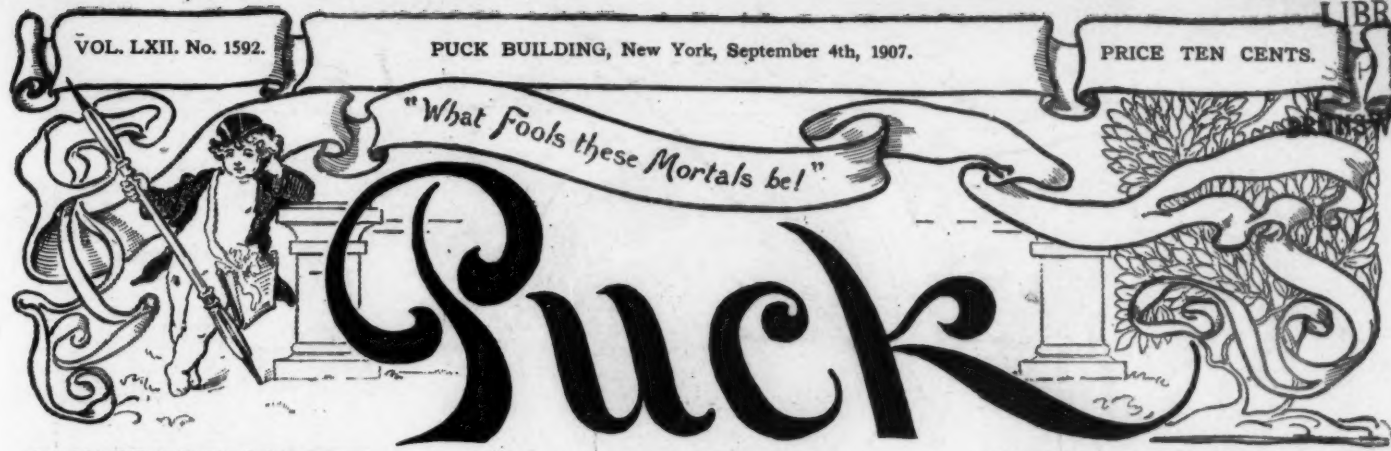
PUCK BUILDING, New York, September 4th, 1907.

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3 1907

WICK, - MR.

"What fools these mortals be!"



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"YOU DIRTY BOY!"

(Regards to Pears' Soap.)



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

SIMPLE EXPLANATION of why Secretary Root went to a Sanatorium:
"He kept in close touch with President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay."

RICH MEN combining to destroy their own property is a story "just as possible" as that about the pelican living on a steady diet of blood from his own breast.—*Evening Post.*

The *Post* overlooks the point that men like Harriman and Rogers do not care for money *per se*. They are mad for power, and will squander millions to possess and retain it. The "rich man's conspiracy" idea is absolutely plausible.

GOV. HUGHES likens our country to a man of excellent constitution who is determined to correct disorders in his system. Continuing the metaphor, Mr. Rockefeller might be likened to a carbuncle.

D'ANNUNZIO is reported to have auto speed mania. Natural. He has had moral speed mania for years.

TWO SOCIALISTS can find more things to disagree about than any other pair of human beings on earth.

IS IT in securities like Inter-Met that the public's "loss of confidence" is so deplorable? The discoveries in local tractions by the Public Utilities Board prompts this query naturally.

THE LANCET has investigated London conditions and finds that "water is not regarded by caterers as a drink at all." Neither is it in Louisville, Ky., or Atlanta, Ga., or in forty other cities that might be mentioned.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—
Sir: I am another who wishes for a business man for President. Let us have done with lawyers and adventurers. Start the cry.
CLERK.

NEW YORK.

"Clerk" ought to keep away from the ticker and let the margin game alone.

THE EQUANIMITY of Western men when a panic in Wall Street is mentioned as a possibility must be irritating to the brokers who throw fits at the mention of Roosevelt: Out where the prairie grasses wave there is a general feeling that the country could survive the complete collapse of "the Street."

THE AMERICAN ECONOMIST looks askance at Taft because he declared merely for postponing Tariff Revision, instead of championing the Tariff External. We like a hog, as the man said, but the American Protective Tariff League is a disgusting porcine.

EVERYBODY in town, at Newport and at Bar Harbor knows Mathilde Townsend.—*The Once Spicy Town Topics.*

That lets out the rest of the country nicely.

PUBLICOLA the Roman was thrice elected Consul. He was the author of divers liberal laws, a trust buster, and a stern foe of nature fakers.

TESTIMONY regarding the mental condition of Mrs. Julia Watt Morris Curtiss educed the fact that "she also gave money away." Hetty Green will tell you that this is prima facie evidence of insanity.

TWO SIGNED anecdotes about Ellis Parker Butler are contributed to a periodical by Ellis Parker Butler. The name of the periodical is *Profitable Advertising*.

SAID the cause of Tariff Revision to Secretary Taft: "And thou, Billus!"

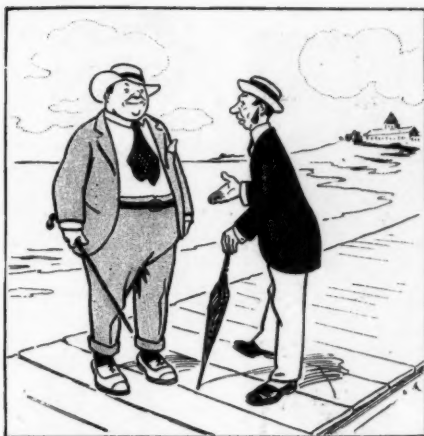
DESPITE the exposure of the Harrisburg Capital graft, Pennsylvania may be counted on to vote the Republican ticket this fall. Pennsylvania is like the man who votes the Republican (or Democratic) ticket because his father did.



HE TRIED HIS STRENGTH.

THE REASON WHY MR. ROCKEFELLER HAS DECIDED TO QUIT TALKING.

WHAT COULD HE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR?



GUEST (at Temperance Beach).—Would you care to visit the life saving station?
NEWCOMER.—Would I! Gee, I didn't know you had one here.



GUEST.—As you see it is quite a walk.
NEWCOMER.—Never mind that, m'boy. We'll appreciate it all the more.



GUEST.—Ah, there it is at last.
NEWCOMER.—Good! I'm about all in and dry as an essay.

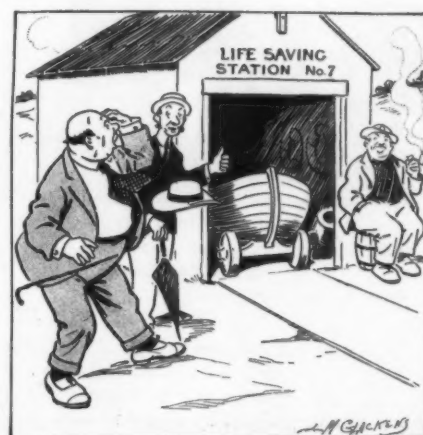


THE WAY IT DIDN'T HAPPEN.

"OTHER," said little Willie Jones,
"If there's no work to do,
I'd like to join the other boys
And go in swimming, too."
"There's not a bit of work to-day,"
Said Willie's mother kind:
"It's useful to know how to swim,
So go,—I do not mind."
"Father," said Willie to his pa
When he had older grown:
"I'd like to smoke and wish that I
A briar pipe might own."
"And so you shall," said Willie's
pa,
Proud of his manly son:
And to the store he went to buy
A real expensive one.
"Dear folks," said Willie to them all
When he was twenty-three,
"I love Marie, and we're engaged
And married soon will be."
"We love her so!" "She's just the
girl!"
"The one for you we'd choose!"
Which goes to prove these lines are false
And writ but to amuse.
Clifford Trembly.

ROOMS.

SEE the party with
rooms to let, in easy
walking distance.
Does the party, with
rooms to let, in easy
walking distance, rise to
an adequate conception
of the fact that a dog-
kennel with a Bokhara
rug and a brass bedstead
in it is still, in some im-
portant particulars, a
dog-kennel?
Oh, no. The party
rises to nothing of that
sort. If you ask him
for air, does he give you
a carpet? A carpet is
what he gives you. And
if you ask him for light,
does he give you a Morris chair? About that. And if you ask
him for an explanation, does he give you a stare? He gives
you a stare, and you go your way thinking yourself a
most unreasonable fellow.



NEWCOMER.—H—l, it is a life saving station!!

BEATEN.

HEREUPON the widows and orphans whom we had
plundered proceeded to call down the customary
curses upon our heads.
"And upon your children and your children's
children, unto the fourth generation!"
they cried.
We gave them a rude stare and burst
out laughing.
"Ever hear of a family as rich as we
are now become having any children?"
We sneered, and you should have seen
how beaten they looked.

THE QUESTION ARISES.

THERE are quite a number of airships being
built in different parts of the country.
"Why, yes. Isn't it about time to pro-
tect our infant airship industry against the pau-
per airships of Europe?"

SOMEWHAT.

AS A POET, however, he was somewhat in advance of his age.
"Indeed?"
"Yes, he tried to convert his house into a museum before he
had starved to death in it."



POOR MATERIAL.

FARMER HAY.—Make much out uv your summer boarders?
FARMER SKIMILK —N-o-o-o, can't brag that I did. Gatherin'
frum certain remarks I overheard 'em make on diff'rent occasions, all I
made out uv them wuz thirty-three suckers, eighteen dyspeptics, forty-
one life-long enemies, an' about twenty nervous wrecks.

Consistency is a jewel, all right, but it is extremely expensive, and besides, inconsistency is undeniably becoming to many styles of beauty.

ANOTHER NOVEL!

THE following is respectfully dedicated to the Tobacco Trust, which seems to have subsidized a large number of our popular authors, judging from the prevalence of tobacco smoke throughout their work.

CHAPTER I.

George puffed nervously at his pipe for a few moments, then throwing it down, he bit the end off a cigar and lighted it. Even the rich, fragrant aroma of Havana did not seem to satisfy him, for, after a breath or two, he cast it out the window and resumed his pipe. It was a mild night in June.

CHAPTER II.

The smoking-compartment of the Pullman sleeper was crowded with men. George hated to smoke in public, but, driven to desperation, he lighted a cigarette in self-defence. Under the soothing balm of the rare Turkish he grew calmer and settled back in his corner comfortably. He noticed that the man next to him was smoking a big meerschaum beautifully colored. Then he wondered if Edith knew he was coming.

CHAPTER III.

The drawing-room was warm and stuffy, and George felt a keen sense of relief when Edith led him out on the veranda. "You don't mind my smoking?" he asked, half-pleading. He had taken his briar out of its case. "Mind!" the girl echoed. Then she added: "You know I just love to have you smoke."

CHAPTER IV.

"James, call me at eight, I shall dine at Sherry's." "Very well, sir. Anything else, sir?" "No, James; you may go now." George lighted a cigarette, and, placing a fresh box within easy



NEW ANSWERS TO OLD QUESTIONS.

THE APPLICANT.—Is this a comfortable flat?

THE JANITOR.—Hardly. The rooms will look even smaller when the furniture gets in, the neighborhood is noisy, it is a long walk to the "L" or subway and the flat is always very hot in summer and chilly in winter.

reach, he went to bed. The little silver clock on the mantle-shelf ticked incessantly.



A PASTORAL STUDY.

PUCK

CHAPTER V.

"So you want to marry Edy, eh?"

The man who had made millions out of glucose looked sharply at the younger man. Then he turned, slow and ponderous, and took several turns about the room. He paused at last and lifted the heavy, ornamented lid of his private humidor. He selected a big, black cigar with great care, and when he turned there was something paternal in his expression.

"Have a cigar," he said.

CHAPTER VI.

Lights blazed from every window of the great Van Pelf mansion that night, and, when the heavy door swung open, the soft wedding music that floated out was mingled with the perfume of Latakia from the men's room.

"The bride awaits you," said Willis, popping into George's room, and trying to be gay in spite of everything.

George rose and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. The two men went down the winding stair together.

As the train pulled out and their honeymoon began, George and Edith talked and chattered together like two happy children, quite unconscious of the other passengers.



"OUR BEST SOCIETY."

AS PICTURED IN THE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NEWPORT, TUXEDO, ARDSLEY, LENOX, CEDARHURST, ETC.

"Dearest," whispered the bride presently, "I know you want to go off and smoke."

"Do you want me to, sweetheart?"

The girl looked at the man—so big and strong—and smiled.

"I shan't deny you any of your old pleasures, love," she murmured.

The man filled his pockets with cigars from his suit-case and started toward the smoking-compartment. Halfway down the aisle he stopped and retraced his steps to where his wife sat. Then he stooped and kissed her.

M. A. McClaskey.

JUSTIFIABLE INFERENCE.

FARMER PASTERLOT (discussing literature with the new boarder).—

'Ther' wuz one book thet my son Bill thought a heap of, when he wuz t' hum—all about swatin' an' biffin' an' blood.

"One of those swash-buckler romances, I presume. Do you recall where the scene was laid?"

"Well, I took it t' be a Jersey story, from th' name of it. 'Twuz called 'The Three Musketeers.'"

ITS SUPERIORITY PROVED.

MRS. GADSBY.—And you liked Rome best of all the European cities you visited?

MRS. NEWRICHE (enthusiastically).—It's far superior to all the others! Why, my dear, in Rome one can buy souvenir postals for a penny that cost two or three times as much anywhere else!



TOO BLUNT.

RASTUS CUPID.—Ain't no use usin' a bow an' arrer in *dis* heah neighborhood.



A PUT-UP JOB.

And still we are in doubt as to whether that operation in Adam's case was really a success.



"SO YOU'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW."



THE WOES OF WILLIE.

HE year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little

"This cash," said he, "won't pay dues,
I've nothing here but ones and

A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,

"Alas!" said he, "then I must die."
His soul went where they say souls

They found his gloves and coat and hat,
And the Coroner then upon them

Sun.

Mon.

Tues."

Wed."

Thur."

Fri.

Sat.

P. H. Leonard.

THEIR APPEARANCE.

LITTLE WATTIE WOMBAT.—Dem white gen'lemen dat runs de autymobiles looks sawtah funny, doesn't dey, Poppy?
MR. WOMBAT.—Dey sho' does, muh son! 'Minds me, in de face, de most of 'em does, of a pusson dat has been sent for and couldn't come, and is den shot in de proximity wid a box o' tacks for not comin'.

LIVING.

THE messenger from Mars surveyed the multitude which had gathered to meet him with undisguised interest. Nor did he hesitate to propound such inquiries as his curiosity prompted.
"Where do you all live?" he asked, speaking generally.
"I live in the future," said a young man, good humoredly.
"And I in the past," said an old man.
"How odd! And does none of you live in the present?"
There was an awkward silence.
"Pardon me," said the Martian, hastily. "Perhaps I press my questions too closely."
At this a voice from the outskirts of the crowd spoke up, saying:
"We have not yet learned him to live in the present without interruption of business, don't you know."

Ramsey Benson.



A GOGGLE TAN.

IT is a popular belief that the typewriter has done away with writer's cramp, but this is only measurably true. A typewriter costs \$100, not to mention the outlay for repairs and supplies, whereas the old-fashioned pen could be had for five cents. If writer's cramp be something mitigated in its merely physical aspect, on the financial side it is more acute than ever.

After all, human knowledge is merely a collection of things that we don't know to be untrue.

PUCK

ROMANCE.

Autoing bids to youth with the cry of speed, wild excitement, and captivating romance.—*Detroit Motor Talk.*



WHEN the adolescent motorist is moting,
When the gilded youth is chugging in
his car.

The eyes behind the goggles are a-gloating,
And he thrills to every Juggernaut jar
His joy he finds it difficult to smother
When he plunks a fool pedestrian in the
pants.

Taking one consideration with another,
A motor life is bubbling with romance.

There is pleasure in the squawking
of a chicken,
There is rapture in a poodle's dying
squeak.
And a thud that ordinarily would sicken
Is a joy that's too unspeakable to
speak.

Jacking up a car is something of a bother

When a victim gets entangled with the gear,
But motoring, in one way or another,
Is a captivating kind of a career.

Sudden death, in days of old or in the present,
Were just as sweet by any other name.
This style than that may be a bit more pleasant,
But the undertaker gets there just the same.
A motor car, for purposes of slaughter,
Is just as good as any ax or lance;
So, considering the subject as we oughter,
A motor life is reeking with romance.

L. T.

THE New Year's call has long been out of fashion, but the kind
that catches you when you've been standing pat on a lone ace
is still in vogue.



THE TRUE VERSION.

THE WHALE.—Come on in! Aw, come on in out of the wet!
JONAH.—And have Roosevelt get after me for a nature fakir? Nixey! On your way!

Our Waste-Basket.

THE EASIEST WAY.

PUCK PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Messrs.,—I am writer of a certain poem
entitled, "An Experience in the Dark," which
I would like very much to see published in
your paper. This poem is composed of seven
stanzas and contains facts which attract the
attention of the reader. Kindly send me
sufficient information regarding the way I
should send the same, including the amount
of money you are willing to give in exchange
E. B. B.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

[We would advise you to crate
the poem and ship it by slow freight to
Weehawken, f. o. b. Our wagon will
call for it.—EDITOR PUCK.]



A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER.

Lewis-Paxson Publishing Co.

MUSIC PUBLISHERS AND ENGRAVERS

Cleveland, O. 16-Aug-07

KEPPLER-SCHWARZMANN

295—309 Lafayette St., New York,

Gentlemen:—Will you Please Give me Miss Noah Webster or Mr.
Franklin, P: Adams Address. I noticed a little poem in the Puck Mag. this
Mon. and want to find out something about it will please let me have an
early reply The Name of this poem is The Dear Old Pump.

I remain

Yours respectfully

P. A. LEWIS, *treas.*

Dict. P. A. L.,
Sten. W. F. B.

[The Noah Webster who furnished the words for "The Dear
Old Pump" was of the male persuasion. He died, more or less
recently, leaving material for innumerable songs.
Webster's last words were: "Zymotic, Zythepary,
Zythum." These have never been set to music,
though they richly deserve it.—EDITOR PUCK.]

VIEWPOINTS

MRS. CRAWFORD.—I don't see how you can
say that woman on the first floor
has a lovely voice. I think it is just
awful.

MRS. CRABSHAW.—But, my dear,
you can hear everything she says up
the airshaft.

SORROW.

IT seemed a tremendous great
sorrow when it came upon
him.

But as he looked it steadily in
the face, it dwindled.

He laughed at it and it dwindled
still more.

Finally he drowned it in a stomach
holding only a pint or so.

"The Stoics had it about right,
after all," quoth he.



IRISH STEW.

THE CAST OF A DIE.

"MARRIAGE is a game of chance, after all. Laura
Lusher's husband has left her and is boozing
harder than ever.

"I see your point. He shook her for the
drinks."

SOURCES OF THE LAW.

"WHAT is the unwritten law in this case, anyway?"
"Can't tell. The newspapers are just unwriting it."



I.
The Great Editor, as he looks to the staff.



III.
BUSINESS MANAGER (*to editorial writer*).—Better go a little slow on that forest spoliation matter. The boss has acquired some interests out there.



II.
The Great Editor, as he looks to his owners.



IV.
OLD SUBSCRIBER (who has read the paper for forty years).—I guess that western forest steal ain't as bad as they made it out. This editorial says it's been grossly exaggerated.

TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP.



HIGGINS was a plain man of forty with a bald head for whist. A gentleman named Chester Reginald Browne residing in Passup Centre, New Jersey, knew well of Higgins' prowess at whist. They journeyed to the city together every morn on the train which departs from Passup Centre, New Jersey, at 8:08. Higgins' town was Wildstretch, one station farther from the city than Passup Centre. Mr. Chester R. Browne was some pumpkins at whist, himself, and grew fond of Higgins, as one grows fond of a dear enemy or a rival.

Higgins always was pitted against Browne. Tuff and Nutt, both from Wildstretch, and merely fair players, were respectively the partners of Higgins and Browne. Higgins and Tuff had bested Browne and Nutt at the old fashioned game five mornings running one week when a violent fancy entered Browne's head.

"Higgins, old man, I'd like mighty well to have you run over to my place say Monday night; bring Mrs. Higgins, and I'll keep Mrs. Browne home from the Mothers' Mutual Improvement Society, and we'll have some real whist, with no Desbrosses Street Ferry to end the game just as I'm going to wax the everlasting daylight out of you. Mrs. Higgins plays?"

"Like thunder!" growled Higgins; then he smiled. Browne smiled.

"That's how Mrs. Browne plays," he said, joyously. "She'll be your partner and Mrs. Higgins'll be mine. It's a go?"

"I shall certainly give you a chance to play a real game of whist," said Higgins.

Browne gaily twirled his moustache.

Mrs. Chester Reginald Browne had hair like spun gold. Mrs. Higgins had a figure which was so nearly perfect that men thought it quite a pity she was married to Higgins. The two wives found one another interesting before Mrs. Higgins' wraps were fairly removed; each abhorred whist.

On entering the parlor, the Higginses noticed an obvious array of ladies and gentlemen seated upon raised tiers. Many of them carried little flags with the letter B boldly thereon. At sight of Browne, the ladies and gentlemen broke forth in a ringing cheer: "Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah! Browne, Browne, Browne!"

This was a new one on Higgins, but he grasped the edge of the table firmly as he sat down opposite Mrs. Browne. Cutting for deal, Browne won, and a perfect pandemonium of cheers broke forth from the neighbors, friends, relatives-supporters and adherents of Browne in his grand match game with Higgins. The nearest row of spectators were close to Higgins; as he began play, a storm of low moans broke forth, followed by a volley of cheers. It was noticeable, thought Higgins, that at such times as he most needed to concentrate his mind upon the game, and remember hands, and foresee contingencies, the tiers of ladies and gentlemen would most madly cheer. Higgins wondered if they were trying to disconcert him. Really, it was a bit annoying to Higgins. He glanced at his wife,

but her shapely shoulders shrugged ever so little.

At ten o'clock the games stood five to four in favor of Browne. When Browne dealt, led or played, the spectators were breathless; when he took a trick or won a game a wild roar of approval rent the air; flags were wildly waved; ladies and gentlemen stood up in their chairs and screamed with joy. A supporter at the piano banged forth rag-time paeans.

In marked contrast to the intervals of silence prior to Browne's play, was the din when Higgins was trying to 'Think, that he might play a clean, scientific game. After a while, Higgins began to suspect some of these spectators. Their mirth when he made a mistake, was almost frantic.

Browne and Mrs. Higgins were flushed and exuberant, when at 10:30, it was six and four in favor of Browne. Less than forty-five minutes' play yet remained in which Higgins might win out, and get the Wildstretch local for home that night. Biting his lip and setting his teeth, he whispered a word of encouragement to steady Mrs. Browne, and settled down to win or die.

The uproar from the ladies and gentlemen as he dealt was terrific. Then came a hush, when Browne played, cautiously. A tremendous, wailing cheer rose, as Higgins made ready to play. There was a long series of concerted outbursts of pandemonium, so timed as to rattle Higgins, if possible, every time he played.

He made several brilliant mistakes. The ladies and gentlemen cheered.

The last ten minutes of play was marked by sensational fielding, so to speak, on the part of Browne. Inspired by his supporters, and confident of their ability to rattle Higgins, he took trick after trick.

Higgins was bested, seven to four. Ear-splitting huzzas rose from Browne's supporters, and he was raised in triumph upon men's shoulders, and borne about the room.

As the defeated Higgins was going down the front steps of Browne's house, a small boy shied half a brick at him.

Browne's friends were dancing a cancan of delight. It had been a great game. They do these things so well, at college. And Browne hadn't led the cheering at his college four years for nothing. Fred Ladd.



DISTANCING COMPETITION.

"You should attend our Sunday-school."
"Why, dear?"
"Our lesson-leaves have coupons in them, and for only forty of them you get the loveliest set of duplicate whist."



BY MAIL.

RURAL CITIZEN.—Jabez, what in tarnation be yer tryin' t' do?
HIS SON.—It's that thar Correspondence School, Dad. I got a letter from the Sophomores yestiddy, tellin' me to haze m'self.

A liar needs to have the courage of his fictions.

Important Change in Life Insurance !!

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will be on a Non-Participating Basis Exclusively.

The New Non-Participating Policy

Unparalleled in its Attractive Features.

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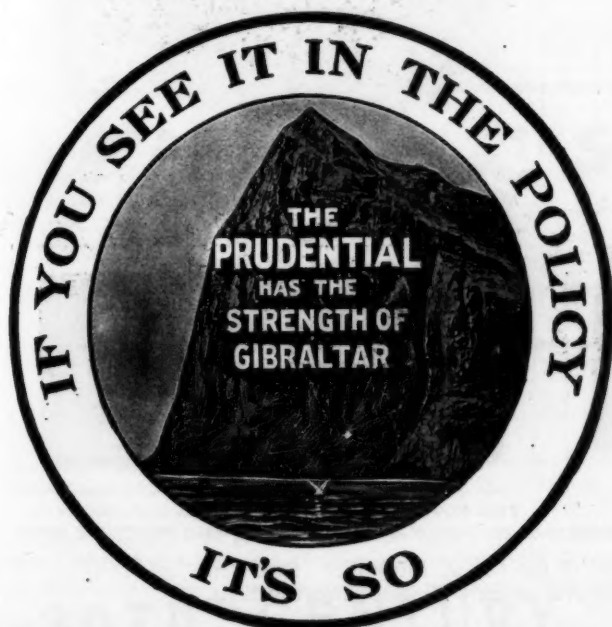
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It's rough going without it.

Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Saloons, Oyster and Chop Houses.



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and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.

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Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.



Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle;

That's All!



DISABLED.

SERGEANT. — What, you out again at sick call?

PRIVATE. — Yes, sah.

SERGEANT. — Well, what's the matter now?

PRIVATE. — S'penders busted, sah.

The first thing in the morning, if you need a brace, should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.



HUNTER RYE

IS THE BEST WHISKEY, HENCE THE MOST WHOLESOME. NO PRAISE COULD BE STRONGER NO TESTIMONY MORE CONVINCING THAN THE APPROVAL OF ITS MILLIONS OF PATRONS.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

If Odell really favors any special candidate he ought to have enough consideration for the man not to mention it.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Puck Proofs



THE ETERNAL QUESTION — "Which Gown Shall I Wear?"

By Leighton Budd.

Photogravure in Black, 8 x 11 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.



LEFT AT HOME.

By "O'Neill."

Photogravure in Black, 11 x 8 in.

PRICE 25 CENTS.



HIS SUCCESSOR.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 10 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

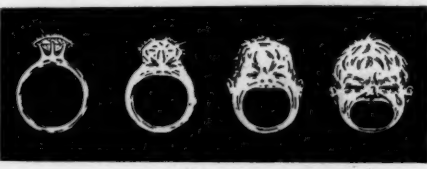


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By "O'Neill."

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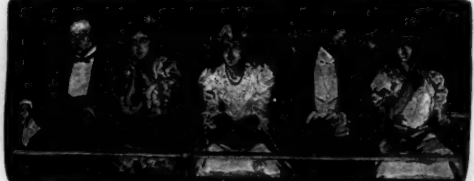


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JINKS. — How do I know? I board.
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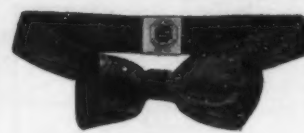
A HOPELESS LOAFER.

AUNT HESY. — Silas, that feller you hired to help with the hayin' must be a downright shifless critter.

UNCLE JOEL. — How be that?

AUNT HESY. — Why, he says where he was last summer he worked only fourteen hours a day.

The day after, you need Abbott's Bitters. Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day, and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.



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Fabrics Specially Woven.

A tightly drawn two inch, or even narrower, Batwing Tie in bright colors, fitting snugly to the close-fitting fold collar, is popular at present among men following cravat fashions.

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"That fellow makes a success of everything he goes into," said the man at the door.

"Well, get him to go into our show some night," replied the weary-looking theatrical manager. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

ALMOST every man makes a habit of collecting something that his heirs will promptly try to turn into money. —*Somerville Journal*.

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A little difference in the lather makes a big difference in the shave, and that's why discriminating men almost always go back to Williams' Shaving Soap.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

CONCERNING FAIRY TALES.

"I say, mamma," asked little Tommy, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear, not always," replied mamma; "they sometimes begin with 'My love, I have been detained at the office again to-night.'" —*Glasgow News*.

If women couldn't look pleased when they aren't, the average man would be reminded oftener of what a beastly bore he is. —*Somerville Journal*.

SPITEFUL.

PATIENCE. — Peggy says she's got an engagement to sing in a church.

PATRICE. — Gracious! Doesn't she think that enough people stay away from church already? —*Yonkers Statesman*.

ALMOST every week you see in the paper advertisements of bargain sales of umbrellas, so that there must be some people who occasionally buy one. —*Somerville Journal*.

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Principal Cities of the World

AFTER a man gets to be sixty, he begins to realize that his grandfather wasn't so blamed old when he died at eighty-nine.—*Somerville Journal*.

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or there will be no discharge. This is the one revolver that cannot go off by accident. We make the kind that discharges when you want to shoot and not before. One million six hundred thousand have been sold and not an accidental shot. As handsome a revolver as is made; in a number of styles and several sizes. As safe as a spiked cannon, but as full of business as a hornet's nest. Send for our booklet "Shots" and our illustrated and descriptive catalogue of the best revolvers, shotguns and bicycles you can get anywhere.

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"Lady," said the tattered tramp in the crownless panama, "my appetite is very delicate. Can you give me a nickel to take a car ride?"

"Why should you wish to take a car ride?" asked the surprised housewife.

"Why, I want to see what to eat. You can always tell just the food that will suit you by reading the ads in the street cars.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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Whiskey

DISTILLED IN KENTUCKY

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"I'm looking for the Nature Fakir who says he saw an Ostrich kill a Tiger."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

HICKS.—Did you ever succeed in persuading your wife when she gets angry to count ten before she speaks?
WICKS.—Yes; but she is a very rapid counter.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE PRUDENTIAL CHANGES ITS PLAN OF DOING BUSINESS.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America has just announced an important change in its plan of doing business and it is issuing a new life insurance policy which the Company states is unexcelled in its attractive features. The Prudential will issue policies on a non-participating basis exclusively hereafter.

Former United States Senator John F. Dryden, President of The Prudential, in discussing the subject said:

"During the last two years the insurance business as transacted in this country has been subjected to thorough and searching investigation and has been made the object of considerable legislation in the various states.

"The Prudential emerged from the investigation with unsullied record, and unblemished reputation, and has continued on the successful career which has made it a leader among life insurance companies throughout the world.

"The Company has watched the trend of events, and after most thoughtful consideration, the directors of the Company decided that all Ordinary business written on and after August 1st, 1907, be issued on the non-participating plan. This will give the best life insurance protection at the lowest cost consistent with safety.

"The new Ordinary Non-participating policy of The Prudential eliminates all question as to dividends; nothing is estimated. The policy contract is one of absolute certainty and its payment is guaranteed by the great resources of the Company.

"The public are to-day looking for life insurance at lowest cost and for a policy in which the dividends are anticipated, and The Prudential is issuing a policy which meets this demand. The new policy has been put in such plain English that it can be understood by anyone, and every rate, value and feature is absolutely guaranteed. The policy, furthermore, is sold at a reduced rate, which will make it popular.

"An entirely new feature, which we believe will commend itself, is that the loan value of the policy may be used automatically to keep the insurance in force should the policyholder be unable to meet the payment of premiums, the length of time, of course, depending upon the number of years during which the premiums have been paid by the insured. When the policyholder is ready to take up the policy again, he will not have to pay back premiums but may if he wishes have them charged as a loan against the policy. This is one of the most marked advancements in life insurance.

"One month's grace, without interest, is allowed for the payment of premiums. There will be no restrictions after the policy is once issued, as to where a policyholder may reside, or where he may travel, or what occupation he may follow.

"Should the insured at any time desire to accept a paid-up policy, or one on which he will have to pay no further premiums, this paid-up policy will contain one of the newest provisions in life insurance, a definite cash value. The new policy also contains the entire contract which means in a broad sense that everything in it is absolutely guaranteed. It is non-forfeitable after one year's premium has been paid and has liberal cash loan, cash surrender and extended insurance values.

"It is always the aim of The Prudential to deal liberally with its policyholders, and while this Company will not issue dividend policies in the future, all dividend policies now in force both on the Ordinary and Industrial plan, will be carried out the same as if the Company had continued to issue Participating Policies. All Industrial policies issued since the beginning of the present year have been on the non-participating plan and there will be no change in these policies at the present time.

"The Company will be pleased to send a specimen of this new policy to persons who will write to the home office, Newark, N. J., stating age, and amount of money they would like to invest in life insurance each year.

"We look upon this new policy of The Prudential as one that will become popular because of its unusual and attractive features."

A BUSY WALKER.

Robinson Crusoe found footprints.
"Somebody else," quoth he, "is stranded here."

He followed the footprints for four weeks.

"Must be an actor," he opined, and forthwith abandoned the pursuit.—*Washington Herald*.

Pickings from Puck

No. 65


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EXTRA DRY

WHEN a girl starts in to learn to play the harp, it is a fair presumption that in her judgment she has lovely arms.
—*Somerville Journal*.

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HIS BALEFUL HUMILITY.

"Loogy yuh, Brudder Mauck!" severely began good old Parson Bagster. "It am muh painful pubrogative to 'terrogate yo' about yo' radical activity in beatin' de wife of yo' buzzong night befo' last, and—"

"Well-uh, hol' on, Pahson!" interrupted the culprit. "Dess lemme 'spostulate, if yo' please. De lady am all bunged up, I 'knowledges dat, but I never laid de weight of a finger on her, and dat's de shinin' troof! 'Twuz muh humble sanctification and her wildcat zeal dat done it."

"'Twuz uh-which?"

"Muh humility, sah, and—"

"Hoh! Nobody's humility goes storkin' around at night, uh-beatin' and uh-maulin' he'pless women-folks!"

"Yassah! Yassah! But dess lemme diagnose dis mattah to yo'. Dis is how it happened, Pahson: Dat night, muh wife 'gunter pick and pick at me uh-kase I isn't able to do hard work dess at present, and 'lowed, she did, dat I was too fetch-taked lazy to be a Christian—and me a pillah and an awnament in the Shoutin' Meferdist church, too! Dat hit me on muh strong p'int—yassah, it did so! But I didn't let muh anger rise—I hilt it down! I quietly 'fawms de lady dat I isn't feelin' strong, and she 'lows I's big and broad enough to swing a mule

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The best of all.

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CITIMAN.—I have always understood it was exceedingly quiet out your way.
SUBBUBS.—It used to be, but there's a newcomer in our street who disturbs us greatly these warm nights. He insists upon sitting out on his porch until ten o'clock, when everybody else is in bed, and then he winds his watch right there where everybody can hear it.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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Cured by a secret process—it does not bite the tongue. Burns well, gives a long, cool, sweet smoke, without waste.
Pocket size, tin box, 10c.



You'll find it Everywhere Buy a Box Today

HER SHARE.

BACON.—I understand your wife furnished all the life at the picnic?

EGBERT.—Not all of it. She furnished the cheese, but she was not responsible for the ants.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

by de tail. 'I knows I looks strong, Lady,' I answers. 'But dat's uh-kaze I's got de grace o' de Lawd in me—dat's what 'seeves yo'. I isn't no-ways able to work.'

"Uh-well, sah, dat 'peared to 'zasperate her mightily, and she grabbed up suthin' and smacked me side o' de head wid it. Dar's whuh muh humility 'gun to show fo'th—'stid-uh recompensin' her like I would-uh done if it hadn't been for muh humility, I dess run out into de kitchen, whuh 'twuz dark, and flung muhse'f down on muh knees in pra'r; and de lady grabbed up suthin' else and come uh-rompin' and uh-rippin' ater, and fell over muh pusson, as I humbly knelt dar. and cut a diabolical in de atmosphere, and lit on her face, and skidded along and induced her head under de stove wid such ferocity dat she done knocked de legs out fum under dat utensil, and it fell on her and like to have broke her body off'm her head. Yassah, de lady stumbled over muh humility and implicated her own se'f. Dar's how 'twuz Pahson."

Tom P. Morgan.

THE danger arising from enormous accumulations of wealth is again illustrated in the fate of a rich Bostonian, who died recently from lock-jaw caused by dropping a pair of scissors on his foot while he was engaged in cutting coupons from his government bonds.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times*.

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I.



II.



III.

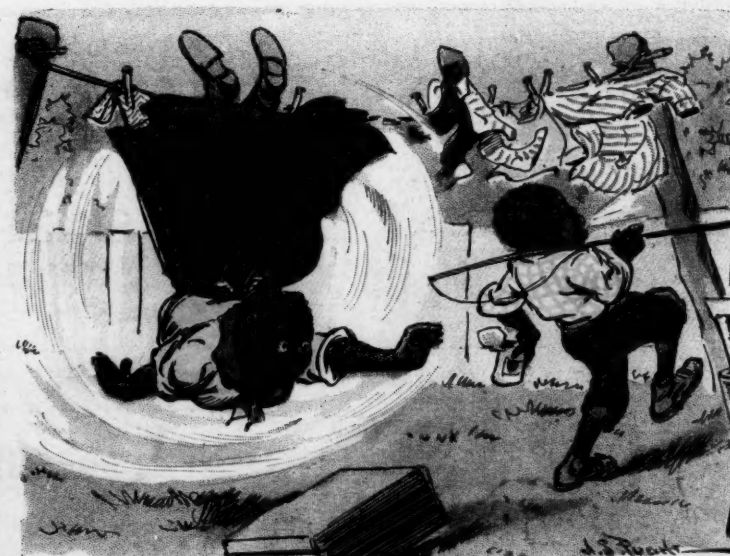


IV.



THE PUCK PRESS

V.



VI.

HUNG OUT TO DRY.
HOW RASTUS JEFFERSON WENT FISHING ON WASH DAY.